

# Ice T, Common Sense

It starts like this  
Gats hit harder than fists  
Just cock and lick it  
The aftermath's wicked  
Brass gets evicted  
Another crew shot  
Can't put your strap back in your waist  
Cause your barrel's too hot  
You did it kid  
The more dead  
The more weight on your head  
Plus you ganked a suitcase  
Full of black tar H  
Baby boy, twenty keys  
Dead Colombian Gs  
Now you're ballin full speed  
One slip you bleed  
You had your nigga with you  
Hard rock street gorilla hitter  
He took a hot one in the shoulder  
Now he's bendin over  
Mad illegal  
Nigga flipped harder than Buggsy Segal  
He wet the room up with the rocket launchin  
Desert eagle  
Blood oozin through his black dickies  
Ya nigga say he's getting dizzy  
The car seat's fuckin getting sticky  
He leaned back, his whole chest plate's cracked  
You thought they hit him once  
He must of got double clapped  
Your niggas dyin but he ain't cryin  
Soldier no doubt  
He looked you dead in the eye  
Said "get that money" checked out  
Ballin bent him back in the black  
S T S but where he's going no stress  
Your niggas dead, but you're thinkin bout head  
Fly hoes and condos  
Once you flip the kilos  
The fact your niggas out aint shit to ya  
More profit for your greedy ass  
No one to split the grip wit ya

## Chorus:

Common sense will keep you safer than vests  
Ambulance, cots, cause real niggas give head shots  
LA streets will make your guts leak  
Player no doubt  
Young killers live for drug wars and shoot outs

You flipped your chip  
Motorola, called your hooker  
Said you had a little foul up  
Told the ho to wet some towels up  
She didn't even talk  
Clicked the phone off  
Might a new some weak niggas  
But this bitch aint soft  
Make your next call  
Straight to your chicano connect  
Said they would flip the boy for girl  
Up the weight, give you Peruvian flake  
You had to dump the body,

Burned it beyond recognition  
Back back in commission  
Scooped your hooker, cleaned your seats off  
Squeezed off  
Two in her head  
Now the fuckin bitch is dead  
You're all alone just how you liked it  
Straight laced hustler from hell  
Street life you spiked it  
It's time to hook up with the mexicanos  
Layin in the Dooly parking lot of a McDonalds  
Hit the corner they was there  
You're prepared  
Circled the block, screwed your silencer on  
Rock the esse they had  
Kickin back to get ya  
Crept on the dropped truck  
Double crossin ducks got bucked  
Check the back of the cab  
Suckas had the fuckin math  
Ten more keys of uncut pure cash (Yes!)  
Now your weighin thirty full keys  
Of girl and the pony  
Jumped for your lack  
Hit the yack threw your head back  
The big time is what you wanted  
And now you got it  
The devil put the strap in your palm  
And you shot it

#### Chorus

It's going down now  
On forever  
Square life is never  
Buck wildin is your life stylin  
Mashed out  
Hit a motel room  
Crashed out  
Called up a ho to get your dick sucked though  
Bad bitch phat backs green contacts  
Real hair, kept her feet all night in the air  
Kind of square  
Said she only worked the streets a week  
Said her boyfriend kicked her out  
And she needed to eat  
She cuddled to you like a baby  
Keep the girl mabey  
The pussy was tighter than fuck drove you crazy  
She kissed you on your chest and legs  
Asked you to fuck her in the ass  
Then she started to beg  
It kind of got you open, no doubt  
When baby doll fell asleep, with your dick in her mouth  
Now you're layin there, lookin at the motel door  
Hand on your strap, some beautiful whore  
You fuckin relaxed, fell a fuckin sleep bad move  
Big game take little game, show and prove  
Baby jumped up, went for the strap  
Dumped off  
Three shots in your face  
Grabbed the suitcase  
Don't forget, grab the blow then jet  
Before that ho hit the door she sipped a glass of Moet  
Street life sabotoge

Niggas wanna live large  
Demon ho out for cheddar  
Capped you with your own Berreta

Chorus